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HENRY CLAPP, JR.,
Editor of THE N. Y. Saturday Press,
No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, N. Y.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

FARCEUR DE POETE:

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I.

No, fare you well, true love, far-well!

Did you think you saw an earnest woe

In the tear that just now flashed and fell?

It was not so . . .

I am a mere farceur, you know!

II.

No, fare you well, true love! you said,

One fair June night, when the moon was low

That you would love me, living or dead . . .

I thought 'twas so . . .

But I am a mere farceur, you know!

III.

No, fare you well, true love! though you

Find peace and pleasure, here below,

I cannot; perhaps your heart is true . . .

But I am a mere farceur, you know!

IV.

No, fare you well, true love; we part!

The path diverges, whereon we go:

Tis said I carry a broken heart . . .

Can that be so . . .

I am a mere farceur, you know!

THE ORDEAL.

The sovereign of March, whose dominions extend over some fifty small villages and hamlets, was called Seld-Abd-el-Bahman, and professed to be a basal descendant of Abu-Taleb, uncle of the Prophet, though not through the same branch as Ali. His palace was a square tower, situated at the Northeastern end of the town. This tower, called Dard-Naser, is very high, and of an imposing appearance, built chiefly from the ruins of Saba, as are many of the dwellings of the modern city of March, and consisting of a ground floor, surrounded by four stories, with a battlemented terrace over all. Beneath the ground floor see *March's castle*.—The ground floor was occupied during the heat of the day, while others were save for state-prisons, dungeons, and dens for fierce wild beasts. Walls run round the building, inclosing a kind of courtyard, in which are the gardens and stables, the latter, according to Arab custom, being in the open air. The ground-floor serves as a barrack for the guard, which numbers about forty.

In the first story are the state apartments of Seld-Abd-el-Bahman, if that term can properly be applied to such a collection of rooms, which he called his bābān, or harem, as he call command from thence a view of the city and its environs. In the afternoon he retires to his bābān, or to enjoy the siesta beneath the vaults of the building; and, when night comes, he retires upon the terraced roof, under boughs of balsam and rosemary, and vines and beans in blossom, which diffuse a delightful perfume, converting the terrace into one arbor.

The second and third floors are occupied by the slaves and the family, the rooms of the latter being decked with mother-of-pearl, the bright, changing hues of which are supposed to have a cheering effect upon the women condemned to the solitude of the bābān.

In the morning the Nagib occupies the fourth story, with his divan, as he call command from thence a view of the city and its environs. In the afternoon he retires to his bābān, or to enjoy the siesta beneath the vaults of the building; and, when night comes, he retires upon the terraced roof, under boughs of balsam and rosemary, and vines and beans in blossom, which diffuse a delightful perfume, converting the terrace into one arbor.

The building is lighted by thirty windows, which suppose a trellis of mimosa and malabar branches, over which is spread like asphalt—a kind of cement called telyb, found in the beds of the rivers, which requires no further preparation for me than three or four days' exposure to the sun. There are no draperies of any kind to be seen; no gilded cornices, no luxuriant divans, no vessels of gold or silver. The floors are covered with wooden carpets, or with quilted stuffs, varnished upon the walls to a height of three feet. Each apartment is surrounded with benches, having plain cushions of wool, covered with cotton-cases. The bowls and spoons are of wooden ware, brought from Constantinople; everything proclaims that intercourse with strangers has made but little innovation here; the whole of this ancient dwelling being just such as we read of in the Bible.

I found Seld-Abd-el-Bahman surrounded by some fifty of his nobles, all handsome men, with bright, piercing eyes; some of them young, others past middle-age. Their long hair fell down upon their bare shoulders, and their forms were of the true Arab type—lean and wiry. For a head-dress they wore the sommada, the rest of their costume consisting of a white fouta bound round the loins, ornamented with broad bands of red silk. The old men carried each a matchlock, and a long two-edged sword, suspended by a shoulder-belt; the young men a scimitar, a battle-axe, and a buckler. They all had pistols and scimitars in their girdles.

The Nagib—a man, at that time, of from fifty-five to sixty years of age—was decked out in all his best, as were his followers. His fouts, however, was of silk, instead of cotton; instead of a sommada he wore a

turban; and his weapons were of rich manufacture—the hilt and scabbard of his scimitar being of gold or silver-gilt, while the stocks of his gun and pistols sparkled with precious stones, instead of mother-of-pearl or coral.

When I entered the apartment where the Nagib was seated, surrounded by his court, he arose from the bench on which he sat, and saluted me with twenty-one salams; then approaching, he took me by the hand, and led me into the centre of the group, where I seated myself upon a hassar, placed for me by a negro slave. When all were ranged around in their places, the Nagib opened the proceedings, saying :

"We know who you are, Hadji, and whence you come; we have heard of your sojourn at Mecca with the Sheriff Hussein and the Imam of Sana; and our couriers have apprised us of all that has happened on the journey from Sana hither. Wishing neither to deceive nor to lay sharp, we thus notify you, it will be for your interest to be equally candid with us; for we detect deceit; liars meet with no mercy here, death being the punishment dealt out to them when proved guilty." Answer plainly, then—what motive brought you hither?"

"I have heard, Hadji," replied I, "that your country resembles neither Europe nor Africa; nor yet any other part of Asia that I have travelled through, and that I should here see many things not elsewhere to be found. This, and this alone, is my motive for coming here."

"And, wherefore do you desire to see these things?" asked the Nagib.

"Ask of Allah," said I, "why some men love noise, others silence; why some seek the crowd, others solitude, and then I will tell you why I would like to descend into the depths of ocean and see the monsters that inhabit it; why I long to visit the firmament and the stars that shine over us. Allah has endowed me with admiration of His works, wherefore I would visit even the shifting sands, and brave the storms of the desert."

After some further questions, the Nagib told me that it would be necessary for me to submit to a certain ordeal imposed upon all strangers coming to March. Then, to the clapping of his hands, there came four negro slaves, who, courteously seizing me, stripped off all my garments in the midst of the assembly, and anointed me with butter from head to foot, after which they thumped and basled me all over; a process, however, to which I had long been accustomed, and one beneficial in its effects, softening the skin, and rendering the muscles pliant. This done, other slaves entered, bringing a fount of red silk and a sommada, with which they invested me.

Then the Nagib again advanced towards me, and took me by the hand, led me to the sūrī, where he seated me alongside of him, saying that before submitting me to the ordeal we should partake, together, of the dīf, which, on his again clapping his hands, was brought upon a mat by other slaves. This repast was composed of meat, dried dates, honey, and camel's milk, all contained in wooden bowls—a repast simple in its elements, but served up with the greatest neatness.

Herupon four slaves—the same by whom I had been led to the guard kept watch.

Leading me to the terraced roof of the tower, they told me that I had really no mysteries to conceal from them I should not hesitate to throw myself from the battlements, confident that the Prophet would not fail to save me from harm by his miraculous intervention.

It was no time to retreat, for the lead of hesitation on my part might have been fatal. I had heard at Sana, and elsewhere, that by displaying courage and respect to the prophet, he would be spared.

"Allah is pleased!" said the Nagib, addressing me.

"So far you have come bravely through the trials;

we are now going to take counsel on the answers you have made to us, and to decide your fate according to the opinion of the majority with regard to your words and actions."

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Special Notices.

BRADY'S GALLERY.
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104 EVERELL. Wm. EVERELL, Jr., Henry EVERELL,
ENGRAVERS AND PRACTICERS.
104 Broadway (near William street), New York.

intimation and conclusion of the relation of Mirabeau with Sophie. As usual in such cases, where the basis of attachment is mainly sexual, the lovers did not continue through their separation as penitent in each other's arms. Sophie's letters became too much occupied with the vulgar distinctions of the convent, and caused her lover nevertheless he went to see her in July, 1781, about six months after his release, and they soon separated, neither apparently expecting nor desiring to see each other again. Sophie's nature had become corrupted, upon which he did not fail to improve. After various liaison, of which but little is or ought to be known, she informed what had every appearance of being a strong and genuine attachment for M. Fétard, a captain in the cavalry, of whom her courage, whom she was about to marry, when he died of consumption. She determined in advance of his death, that she would not survive him.

M. de Fétard expired on the 8th of September, 1780, and on the following day Sophie was found suffocated with charcoal in the apartment attached to the con vent, which she still occupied. In September a friend who for some years had attended her, asked his brother-in-law, the Cure Vallet, a deputy to the Constitutional Assembly, to communicate the sad intelligence to Mirabeau, who was also a member, but of the opposite party. The Cure gave the following account of the way he executed his mission, and the effect it produced.

"Mirabeau was given the details of the frightful event by several men, prepared by M. Mirabeau, among them Dr. Desaix, a general, and the Abbé de la Châtre, a member of the Convention, who were present at the time of the execution. He showed him the letter of his brother in law, M. de Fétard, and asked him if he had not been induced to commit suicide, and hated me more. He asked me what I wanted that size of the Assembly. Without awaiting a response, he said, 'I have done my best, and I have done all I can do for the greatest interest.' He then returned to his seat, and continued his speech until the session was adjourned. He rose suddenly, took his hat, and left the hall."

Thus closed the last act of this painful but instructive tragedy.

As I wandered among the places associated with the commencement of this unhappy intimacy, my mind involuntarily ran forward to its disastrous close, and more than once I asked myself the questions which may have occurred to thousands before me. What would have been Sophie's fate if she had married Buffon? What might the world have lost or gained by such a union? Would it have lost a great philosopher or gained a virtuous wife? Had Mirabeau never seen Sophie, would she have been purer in her life or happier in her death? These are questions which can never be answered, but they suggest a range of meditation more the less interesting and profitable.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending September 8, 1860.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

HISTORICAL.

American Historical and Military Correspondence, Collection of Personal Letters, relative to the Revolution, with Biographies, Autobiographies, &c., collected and edited, by John Jay Smith and James F. Watson, 18 vols. \$12. New York. G. P. Putnam.

THEOLOGICAL.

Gilt Edges.—The Reformed Prayer Book—That Nature of the Pastoral Work, &c., privately in Private Instruction and Care, with an Appendix on our Two Open Books. Prepared for Dr. C. H. Stier, Minister of that church. It is to be distributed by the Ministers of that country, who subscribe the Agreement for Catalogues and Periodical Instructions at their Annual Session. Dr. C. H. Stier, New York. Robert Carter & Brothers.

The Devil, that Old Serpent, the Devil and Satan, whom Head must be blotted in the Coming Contest among the Nations. By G. R. Stacey. Price, \$1. Richmond, Va. W. Hartman.

POETRY.

Morris' Poetical Works. Vol. II. Gold and Blue. New Edition. Twenty vols. New York. C. Scribner.

FICTION.

Fiction.—The Merchant of Venice, a Comedy, by Shakspeare, New York. D. Appleton, \$1.50. The Merchant of Venice, a Comedy, by Shakspeare, New York. D. Appleton, \$1.50. The Merchant of Venice, a Comedy, by Shakspeare, New York. D. Appleton, \$1.50.

From the Calendar, Hartford, Conn.

Sartor's PREPARED GLASS.—This is the best preparation we have ever used for the purpose of repairing splintered vases, furniture, etc., where glass is required, and is as chemically pure as it can be made ready for use.

Spalding's Prepared Glass.

From the Scientific American, New York.

SCIENTIFIC.—We have received several samples of prepared glass that will put up small bottles, by Mr. H. C. Spalding, 50 Faile street, New York, and have tried it in making old glass, and find it to be excellent. It is a very good glass, and deserves to be kept constantly on hand in every household.

It is a convenient article for pattern makers and inventors in constructing and repairing their models.

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 8, 1860.

FREEDOM NOT TO WORSHIP GOD.

We have heard it said and sung ever since we were a child, that the people who came over to this continent in the *Mayflower*, came chiefly for the purpose of securing to themselves and their posterity and it is generally understood that nine Americans out of ten can establish a well defined descent from the *Mayflower*.

Freedom to worship God!

We know of but one right dearer to mankind than that, and that right is Freedom not to worship God.

The first named right is tolerably well secured.

The people of this country have the right, and even the duty, to not worship God, but gods.

All sorts of gods.

The gods most in favor—hereas everywhere—are Mammon and Fashion.

These we worship with all our heart, and soul, and strength.

We build altars to them in our houses, our stores, our streets, our colleges, and even or perhaps we should say especially in our churches.

This is preminently the case with Mammon.

The Golden Calf is seen everywhere, and we to the man who does not bow down and worship it?

But unfortunately the Calf is not always presented to us as a Calf, but is clothed often in the semblance of a Lamb.

Of the Lamb.

And thus clothed, we are told that we ought to rejoice that we have the freedom to worship it; and that those who claim the freedom not to worship it—ever so far as human laws are concerned—were it the true Lamb, the Lamb of God—ought to be scouted from the community as the enemies of society, of religion, and we know not what else.

Now we are the last persons in the world to interfere with any man in his choice of gods.

That is a matter which should be left entirely to his own conscience.

Freedom to worship them should be secured to him as his first right.

But on the other hand, we must insist that he allow and everybody, the freedom not to worship them.

And this freedom, unfortunately, he is often unwilling to concede—especially if he happens to be a worshiper of false gods.

He makes a whole series of gods—makes them mostly in his own ever-changing image—sets them up at the corners of the streets—builds all sorts of fancy-temples to them—and then justis that not only, but everybody shall worship them.

As it he has no right to do—and the statement cannot be too often repeated—even if his decisions are offered to the one only living and true God, instead of to a body of little gods gotten up in sacerdotal imitation of Him.

We have been led into making these remarks by the attempts that have been made lately by a certain portion of the citizens of New York to deprive a certain other portion of the privilege of worshipping their own gods, and in their own manner, and compelling them to worship an insidious assortment of gods, invented by the so-called ecclesiastical sects, and palmed off upon the community, in each separate case, as the "God of the Bible."

The chief victims of this crusade have been that large class of people called Germans, who have been

hunted from pillar to post by irate ecclesiastics and their tools, with a view to force them into worshipping gods in whom they do not believe, and whom, therefore, they are resolved not to follow.

In the interest of this numerous and much-abused class of people, we call upon all friends of real liberty to insist, from this time forward, that in this free and enlightened country there is no freedom which should be more strenuously fought for, at whatever sacrifice, than the freedom not to "worship God."

HARVARD COLLEGE.

The session of Harvard College has commenced, and the class which entered this year, and which will be the first to pass through their collegiate course under the rule of President Felton, provided he continues in authority four years, is the largest which has ever entered.

It remains to be seen whether Mr. Felton and the Faculty will so conduct themselves as to gain the respect and affection of these young men, or will continue the system which caused the last class to leave College filled with contempt for the College government, and delighted to escape from their system of petty attorneyage.

It is a source of great regret to the Alumni, that the Faculty should persist in a system of government, the only result of which can be either to force the undergraduates to some act of open rebellion, or else degrade the Harvad College to the petty standard of a primary school.

It would be evidence of wisdom on the part of the Faculty, if they would carefully consider the meaning of the motion proposed in the last meeting of the Alumni. That motion was an expression of the affection which the Alumni feel for their Alma Mater, and their indignation at finding the Faculty so regardless of the duty which they, as the government of the oldest and most influential educational institution in this country, owe to her and to the public. When that motion was proposed and brought to the vote, the Faculty were guilty of the extreme bad taste of voting upon it themselves, in their own favor, while President Felton presented in his own person the ludicrous spectacle of a man aspiring to govern and regulate youth, but unable to control his own passions.

Perhaps this was excusable, then, from the fact that, in the excitement of the moment the Faculty lost their self-possession, and were astounded and indignant that the Alumni of the College should attempt to suggest any improvements in the course the College should pursue. It was, perhaps, the first intimation that the Faculty ever received that Harvard College was considered by the Alumni as an institution having other interests to serve than that of supporting the Faculty, and being used by them as a means of their self-glorification.

Yet to any but persons of small minds and narrow views, such an intimation coming from those who had no connection with the College except their love for it, and their desire to see it assume the position which its age entitles it to, would have been suggestive, and would have received careful consideration. But it seems that such wisdom is not in the channels of the Faculty of Harvard College. President Felton seems to be entirely at fault in his management of the whole, and all the undergraduates, and produced all the insolubility and perplexity which he complains of; though it is to be hoped that he will be able to correct his errors.

Reading in the papers of the last month, it appears that the police go to any bar-room in the city, just now—or to its lower haunts—and he will find swarms of these fellows who have been engaged in begging and stealing for years, in preference to earning—or seeking to earn—an honest livelihood.

They are not quite so dirty—or, at any rate, not quite so badly dressed—as the ordinary beggars, but they are fully as lousome, and it would be a really great thing if the community could be rid of them, even if they had to be sent to Sing-Sing, and taught how to work at some useful calling.

But no. Their line of beggary is sanctioned by custom; and, moreover, many of them belong to what are called respectable families, and are prominently associated with the men who make our laws, and have charge of the public interests and morals!

Besides, they are not quite so poor and wretched as the ordinary beggar (who has no friends), and could not, therefore, be attacked with so much impunity.

Then, again, it is to be remembered that—if the politicians may be believed—they are actually necessary to the existence of our political organizations, and consequently, to the existence of the nation.

Take away the political beggars and thieves from New York, and forthwith, we are told, there would be no city or State government possible; while if they were taken away from Washington there would be no National Government possible; and alike city and country would thus come to an end!

And it really seems as if these were true.

So, perhaps, we have been rather hasty in demanding a crusade against the political beggars, since even they can be tolerated rather than the state of anarchy which might follow their extermination.

But reading in the papers of the last month, it appears that the police might have chosen higher game in the same line—and hence our imprudent and, as it appears, anarchical suggestion, which we now take back.

THE RETORT COURTOIS, AND THE LIFE DIRECT.

There is a ferocious war raging between the Publishing Committee of the American Tract Society, who put forward the Rev. Dr. Hallock, their champion, and the Christians of *The Independent*.

The cause belli is a crusade, made by the *Independent*, that in the memoirs of Mrs. Graham, edited by her daughter, the late Mrs. Bethune, certain expressions more or less condemnatory of slavery have been suppressed.

Circular letters have been written to the *Sophomore*'s parents advising them to wear their sons in the simple matter of "hazing" has been foolishly raised by similar magnificence into a subject of importance.

The rowing-clubs have been forbidden to enter for any more regattas; thereby removing the incentive which has caused the students' interest and proficiency which have been lost.

The time-honored custom of the *Foot Ball* contest has been put a stop to, under threats of expulsion and all sorts of direful punishments.

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WORDSWORTH AND THE PIG.

Wordsworth walked once near Ambleside.
Upon a summer's day.
And upward gazing, struck his lyre
To this majestic lay:

There's poetry in everything,
In small as well as big;
But just as he had got so far,
He trod upon a pig.

Hooch! quoth the pig, with such a grunt,
As you might well excuse,
If ever you had seen the maul
In the great poet's shoe!

Hooch! quoth the poet, "there it is;
As plain as plain can be;
Even in this pig's grunt I do hear
The voice of poetry."

"There's poetry in everything,
In small as well as big;
To Goody Blak and Harry Gill,
And in this grunting pig."

"There's poetry in everything,
We hear, or see, or smell;
You have it here in 'hooch' hooch! hooch!
And there in Peter Bell."

"For poetry 'tis natural thought
In natural sounds expressed;
And that which hath the least of art
The trust is and best."

"Of poets, therefore, we're the first,
Then grunting pig and I;
For where's the poet that with us
In artlessness can vie?"

He said, then onward passed,
And bade the pig adieu;
And then his lyre he struck again,
And sang with rapture new.

"There's poetry in everything,
In small as well as big;
To Goody Blak and Harry Gill,
And in your grunting pig."

JAMES HENRY.

1,626 Broadway, Boston, June 25, 1842.

(From the Welcome Guest.)

TOM LANGLEY'S VISITORS.

BY E. P. ROWELL.

Although the story I have to tell about my old friend Tom Langley, contains no surprising incidents, I tell it because I think it may serve as a lesson; or, at all events, enforce the maxim of "Never despair."

Tom's early life was full of blunders, but the most serious one and I'm afraid, good reader, his was not an uncommon case, was his marriage. Tom, having lost both parents during his infancy, was brought up by an uncle, a very rich old gentleman, but very crochety, irritable, and self-willed, as most old gentlemen who can reckon their means by tens of thousands are generally found to be. Before Tom was five and twenty, the old gentleman was perfectly tormented with the notion that Tom would want to marry.

When Tom's five and twentieth birthday had passed, and Tom had not exhibited the slightest interest in the other sex, his venerable guardian became fretful in the last degree on an opposite score, which was best Tom should refrain from marrying until after his professor's death, and should then unite himself with some one whom that protector would have totally disappointed.

"There are plenty of girls in the villages about" (Mr. Langley was a country solicitor, Tom's uncles' uncles urged, "surely there must be one you could select."

"Well, I'll have a special look at them all," replied Tom, cheerfully, "and select the best, if I can."

"I don't know that there's one within our acquaintance," said his uncle, musing, "to whom I should object. Ah! yes, there is one, though—Ellen Cawley wouldn't do for you at all. Certainly not!"

"Why not, uncle?" inquired Tom, with some curiosity.

"Why not?" exclaimed the old gentleman, incisively, "why not, sir? Because I say she would not. Bless my soul, sir, do you want any better reason? Do you think, Mr. Thomas, that because I have never been married, I know nothing about women? I know a great deal about women, sir. And I say that Ellen Cawley would not make you a good wife. And you shall not have her, sir; there now!"

As Tom did not care a straw about Ellen Cawley, he was not disposed to contest his uncle's opinion regarding her. But alas for human nature! Tom could not forget the strangeness of his relative's uncalled for censure of dislike to the young lady. What circumstance could have given rise to such strong feeling? It was very odd; and Tom, the next time he saw Miss Cawley, could not help regarding her with considerable curiosity. She was a pleasant-looking good-natured girl; just the girl, in fact, he might have fancied, if he had had the smallest disposition to fancy any one. And, as I gazed at her, Tom conceived a suspicion that she was conscious of his movement, and was not dissatisfied! Perhaps she was rude in her manners, or was very imperfectly educated perchance. He knew Miss Cawley sufficiently to speak to her, so he addressed her, and by degrees they fell into conversation; and a very long conversation too; and when they parted there was a tacit understanding where they would meet again, and they did meet again, quickly—and, but why all this tedious detail? They loved, they married; the old uncle stormed, the old uncle died, the County Infirmary took half his money, his undertaker (actually his undertaker, who he only knew by name), took the other half, and Tom took nothing save his plios wishes (duly conveyed to Tom after his decease), that his dislocated nephew might come to the parish—and that the parish might send him away again.

Shortly after the marriage, I left England for several years. Tom and his wife had removed from the village where they had first resided, and settled in a wild part of the country some distance off. There Tom had commenced farming, and seemed likely to do well.

The letter which reached me from Tom while I was away were but few, and did not contain any marked intelligence, save that he had a terribly increasing family, and that, somehow, the profits of farming did not keep pace with the additional number of small mouths requiring to be filled. The last letter or so which I received before I returned to England seemed to me especially to dwell on this most vexing variance between want and supply. No sooner, therefore, had I been restored to the old land, than I determined immediately, though at some inconvenience, to run down by the railway, and ascertain for myself how matters really stood with my boyhood companion and trusty friend.

"Run down by railway!" to use the conventional phrase. The railway train took me, fast enough, to the station nearest to Tom's dwelling; but that was twelve miles away. Twelve miles on horseback (there was no other mode of travelling), and such a horse back—one for two, and flesh for one!—on a pitch-dark night, the rain pouring in torrents, through by-lanes full of pits in the middle, and with ditches on both sides! I, once or twice, thought that I had only escaped the perils of India to perish gloriously in an English pond. However, I at length entered a village, where I learned at a miserable inn that "Master Langley's was na but a bit beyond," and that by taking the road to the left of Squire Squibby's, and going on till I came to the old beach tree (I have said, reader, that it was quite dark—it fact, I could not see my hand before me), and then turning down till I came to Molly Bragway's, I could not miss finding the house."

As I moved away, after receiving this lucid direction, my ear caught the name of Langley, repeated by a shabbily-gentled personage, who had been talking to the landlord at the moment of my appearance. I half turned back, and the rather equivocal-looking individual alluded to, addressing me very civilly said:

"If you would pardon my liberty, sir—might I ask you—as you are going to Mr. Langley's—to say to him in the presence of Ellen."

the course of the evening, who wishes to place in his hands a very valuable paper—a paper of much consequence to him—and which can only be delivered to Mr. Langley himself. He is an invalid, I'm told, and might not like to see me as a stranger, and if you will kindly give him the message, it will be better than sending it through an inquisitive servant."

I acquiesced immediately, of course; and, while expressing my regret at hearing of my friend's indisposition, undertook to convey the shabbily-gentled gentleman's message in such terms as should secure him an interview on his arrival.

After innumerable blunders—after having been so far successful as to reach "Molly Bragway's"—after having been unfortunate enough to disturb that venerable lady from an early nap, and, as a consequence, to receive, in lieu of further directions for my journey, a shower of curses, which for strength and comprehensiveness surpassed all that I had heard in my life before.

I spied a light in the distance, which seemed to issue from the upper window of rather a large house. My dead-beat animal made an expiring effort and contrived to get within a few yards of the gate. I had just power enough to alight, and he subsequently managed to crawl into a stable. I verily believe that another yard or two, and both rider and horse would have succumbed through sheer fatigue.

I fancied I saw some one leaving the gate, as after having dismounted, I advanced and rang the bell. With a feeling of earnest thankfulness for having at length arrived, I gave a lusty pull. I waited for some minutes patiently, and then, receiving no answer, I repeated the summons. After a short further delay, the door opened, and a figure came slowly down the steps; but whether it was that of a man or woman I could not discern. All that I could observe was the tardiness of its movements, which cold, wet, and exhausted as I was, irritated me not a little.

"Pray, make haste," I cried.

"I'm coming as quickly as I can," was the gruff reply.

"Confound you!" I exclaimed, losing all patience, as the figure coolly halted a yard or two the other side of the gate. "Be quick, will you?"

"Are ye in such a hurry?" was the interrogation in response. "Well, then, there ye have it." And, merrily on me, reader, if there did not come against me, and over me—blinding, stunning, and prostrating me a mass of water such as would have filled a common-sized water-butt.

"Now I hope ye's satisfied," said the voice, with a strong dash of exultation in it. "When ye wants some more, just ye be good enough to give another pull at the bell, as like that lad as ye can manage it, and I'll be with ye in a twinkling."

As I lay on the ground, I declare I thought my last moment was come. It was some time before I could rise; and when I had struggled on to my legs, I hardly knew what to do. That Tom's servant was mad or drunk I had no doubt; but another pull at the bell would only, in all probability, bring upon me a second hydrocephalic infliction, my survival of which would be very questionable. However, there was no other course; so again I rang with all my remaining strength, and again the door slowly opened. Blinded as I was, I nevertheless immediately detected the awful water-bucket as it again came gliding down the steps.

"Ye precious idiot!" I yelled, "who do you take me for? I'm Mr. Manley—Mr. Edward Manley. Your master expects me. Undo the gate, you ruffian."

Down went the bucket. "Mercy on me! O, my stars!—money on me!" exclaimed my former assailant.

"I leg your hono's pardon. I thought ye was Joe Spriggs, who had come bothering with his little bill, and had been ringing for the last half-hour. I humbly beg pardon. Why did ye not say ye was not Joe Spriggs with his little bill?"

"And is that the customary way of treating people who come with little bills in these parts?" I could not refrain from asking.

"That is the way," replied the man, who was evidently a character, with the utmost calmness; "that is to say, that is the way as common. We varies it sometimes with Richard the Third and Dick Turpin."

"Eh!" I cried, in amazement.

"With the bulldogs," explained my companion. "Ah! ye may be thankful I did not set 'em on ye to-night—take ye for Joe Spriggs. If I had, not two bones of ye would have been sticking together by this time."

With my teeth chattering a trifle more than before (if, indeed, that were possible), I was assisted into the house by this terribly-faithful servant, and in another minute my old friend was before me.

"Good gracious me! What, Ned—my dear friend, exclaimed Tom, in a tone of the deepest commisionation. "How in the world have you got into this plight? But, however, it is stupid asking questions now. The first thing is to put you in better trim. Come along—come along!" And, without another word, Tom half led, half carried me into a comfortable bed-room, where a large fire met my delighted gaze.

"I'll be back in one minute," cried Tom, disappearing; and in very little more than that brief period he returned, bearing a huge goblet filled with something, the very look of which brought my blood again into circulation, and made me once more conscious of having such a thing as a heart within me.

"Drink it to the bottom," cried Tom peremptorily.

And I did drink it. I did not leave a drop. Tom looked at me earnestly, and said quietly—

"Do you remember it? Made in the old style, eh?"

"I shall never forget it," I replied, recognising some punch of a particular brew, for which Tom had been famous in so much.

"I leg your hono's pardon. I thought ye was Joe Spriggs—merely a trick—" were alone distinguishable, but which ended in the bucket being left in the trash.

Presently, in compliance with the instructions which Tom had given, the visitor was admitted, and proved to be the individual I had seen. He came in with a low bow.

"You wish to see me, Mr. ——, I did not catch the name," said Tom.

"Scrappy."

"Pray be seated, Mr. Scrappy."

"I have the honor, I think," said Mr. Scrappy, bowing profoundly, "of addressing Mr. Thomas Langley."

"Such honor as it is," replied Tom jocularly, and beaming with good humor.

"Perhaps—excuse me—I might speak to you in private for a minute!"

"O dear! not the slightest occasion," answered Tom; "you've something good to give me, we know.

My friend has told me you were coming to do me a kindness, so no need of secrecy. If there is any way in which I can serve you, I shall be glad," said Tom, to the upholsterer, to whom an uncle of yours left a lot of money."

"Of course I do," replied Tom, beginning to wonder what was coming.

We all listened attentively.

"Well—he'd die—and—what do you think he's done?"

"He's not surprised, of course."

"Why, he's left, not only all the money your uncle

I pressed his hand in reply, and we entered the room. There we found Mrs. Langley, and quite a heap of children, some younger, some older than my mysterious little friend from whom I had just parted.

Whatever reason Tom's uncle might have had for objecting to Ellen Cawley as a wife for Tom, certain it is that a better wife in every respect, as I subsequently discovered, Tom could not have had.

Poor Tom fell back as though stunned. I was most warmly greeted; the troubles of my journey kindly deplored; and in a few minutes I was placed in a beautifully-easy-chair at a dinner-table supplied to my most complete satisfaction. "I should have been happier than I had been for years; I had all the disposition to be thoroughly buoyant; but I now began to observe that Tom took very pale and worn; that Mrs. Langley had much the same appearance; and that neither of them seemed by any means calm and comfortable. Then Tom was so thoughtful and moody, making all sorts of blunders past me the vinegar-crust instead of the wine-decanter; putting mustard into the oyster-sauce; deluging the tart with pepper, and such like monstrosities. I was glad when the dinner was over, and the children were admitted. In they came—eight in number—and took their seats, the little flaxen-haired lady perching herself beside me. The spirits of my entertainers revived. The wine circulated, the children chattered, we were quite merry. I thought this would be a good time to get an explanation of the tiny lady's mystery.

"Never mind, Ned, don't worry yourself. You know old Tighley may still send, and—I declare there's another ring at the bell."

The child did not answer.

"Alice and I have got a secret," said I, looking at Tom and his wife.

"You little silly thing, to try and frighten me in that way," I resumed. "You were laughing at me. You know there was no one."

"There was some one—and there is some one," explained the child pettishly. "And he's put in there by naughty Mr. Braggs, the butcher; and John and Herbert are going to kill him, and I'm going to help," she cried, bursting into a passion of tears.

"Ah! idiot that I was that the grim possibility had not before struck me. The child was not the only one who gave vent to grief. To my horror, Mrs. Langley went into hysterics: Tom rose from his chair, looking as though his senses were leaving him; and the eight children joined in a howling chorus perfectly terrible.

Tom took my arm, and, noticing my intensely distressed look, said hurriedly, "Never mind, never mind—better so—better have it all out; we shall be to rights again presently; keep your seat, there's a dear friend, and take no notice."

Rather a difficult request to comply with. Nevertheless, I did remain quiet, and Mrs. Langley and the children were removed, and Tom had returned and resolved himself within a few minutes.

"The fact is," said Tom, taking my hand, "your visit, welcome, truly welcome as it is, to a dull house. I am a ruined man, and the person the child is related to is in possession of my furniture."

I was greatly shocked at the communication. "Why, you never gave me a hint of this in your letters," I said.

"It would have been selfish to worry you with the full extent of my troubles. And then, too, I have been always hoping to get out of them. But the fact is, Ned, that a wife and eight children are—what shall I say?—things which can't be overlooked."

I admitted the truth of this.

"Ellen, you know, had some money," resumed Tom, "and I consider we laid it out well in the farm; and I must do myself the justice to say, I've been a very slave, and so has Ellen. We've struggled, and screwed, and contrived, and hoped, and expected, and believed, and I think that after awhile we should have got on and been prosperous; but, ah! while we have been fighting our way upwards, we have been regularly knocked down by—our eight children."

"It isn't true," cried the visitor. "I saw his head above the window-blind just now. He's doing nothing; and, let it be as it may, he must and shall see me, at any rate."

"That's yer opinion, is it?" inquired Tom's servant.

"May be, then, ye'll break open the gate, for I'm not going to unlock it."

"Break it open? Certainly: of course I will, you accursed!" And the angry gentleman pulled and tugged with all his might.

As I was descending to breakfast, I heard Tom's voice, saying to the servant, "Not another soul will I see. Don't admit him, on any account;" and, on looking out, I saw, outside the gate, apparently clamoring for admittance, a little old man with a blue bag.

"What do you want?" shouted Tom's man from the top of the steps, not offering to go down, though the visitor had been dragging at the bell with all his might.

Tom acquiesced. We shook hands in very woful fashion, and parted for the night.

"Are you all deaf?" screamed the visitor. "I want Mr. Thomas Langley."

"Master's most pertinacious engaged the whole day with business of most lawful importance," was the reply.

"It isn't true," cried the visitor. "I saw his head above the window-blind just now. He's doing nothing; and, let it be as it may, he must and shall see me, at any rate."